

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

**PUBLISHED TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS
AT
\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.**

It is understood if we credit that \$1.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

GEO. O. BARNES.

'Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else.'

FUTTERHOE, INDIA, Dec. 1st, 1885.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

The Station, like Cawnpore, has its memorial church and its ghastly "well," where one party of the murdered fugitives were thrown in heaps. One enclosure now embraces both—the church being erected on the spot where the victims were shot down and buried, by order of the Nawab, who had mounted the vacant throne, which he mistakenly hoped to hold, upon the overthrow of British authority. Vain hope! A few months more and he was himself a hunted fugitive in turn. I counted the children mentioned upon the memorial cross above the fatal "well." Seventy six little ones alone. Skinning record, when one thinks it over, even a little. Being on the very spot, recalls everything to one far more vividly than any verbal description can possibly do.

Magna, Will and I are at the dear Wood-side's—friends tried and true of many years. What a joy to be with them once more! Of all the men I know, Bro. Woodside preserves his youthful freshness and elasticity of spirits most unimpaired. And for hearty, loving hospitality in his own house he has no superior. We tested that in Dihia, in '86, when his spacious bungalow was the central feature of an annual meeting, well remembered yet by all the old members of the Lodiaria Mission. Ah! how time speeds on its course! And how many, many things, glad and sad, have happened to us both since those happy days. Woodside and Luise, in all future life, are bound to hold a place in the hearts of all the "Troupe" none others can occupy—as the only two who welcomed us, returning to India, after so long an absence. Other dear brethren, by subsequent kindness, have blotted out all sense of wrong received, and taught us to forget, what wounded us like a rapier's thrust, at the time. But these two dear fellow laborers have only done what we wish forever to remember with tenderest gratitude and affection.

Bro W.'s bungalow is at Rakkab, two miles from both fort and city, where a Christian village claims his presence and attention. He has a very pretty church a stone's throw from his house, where, that preaches to the native Christians. Quite an extensive tent factory is carried on by native brethren, with which, however, the missionary has now nothing but an advisory connection. Two other missionaries are also at this station; living near the city Bros. Seelye and Ingla—the former of whom I became acquainted with at London and whom with his family we love with unfeigned affection. The latter we have not yet seen. He is on a visit further south, but returns next week.

The Major took me over the gun carriage factory a few days ago. It is a wonderful place, and they can turn out almost anything that is called for—except the cannon which are cast elsewhere.

The stock of timber in store is worth nearly a million of dollars. Some of it has been seasoning 30 or 40 years and could not be replaced "for love or money," in case of destruction. So extra precautions are taken against the great enemy—fire. The superb forests of Nepal, whence the supply comes, lie along the British frontier, at the foot of the Himalayas here-away. These rich possessions were given to Jung Bahadur, at the close of the critical period of '57 and '58, for services rendered in the mutiny. It was a graceful recognition of valuable aid, given when most needed. This able prime minister of Nepal headed his Ghurka troops, and helped Lord Clyde to retake Lucknow and settle Oude. In return he got these greatly coveted forests—incomparably the finest in India—and now the British government has to buy at a "long" price what was once their own. The Sheeshum (Shittim of scripture) is super-excellent—better than even the choicest English Oak. The Major tells me it has been sent all the way to Woolwich Royal Arsenal, for use in particular work, in gun carriage manufacture there.

How oddly it sounds—this hum and stir of a great industry on the banks of the Ganges, and how strange the sight of a thousand natives streaming out of a huge factory, where all the skilled workmanship is the product of their hands. They mount the guns that keep their race in subjection; as the very soldiers, who preserve the government of the hated foreigners, are their own brethren. The science of government in India is a problem of delicacy, that no one can properly study save on the ground.

The specialty of the city of Furruckabad, is the manufacture of brass vessels. "Every artificer of brass" finds work here and the din is deafening as nearly everything is hammered out. It is wonderful what neat work they turn out, of all sorts.

The friends took us up to the old Nawab's palace, a few days ago. The wretch was responsible for the massacres that occurred here, and when the city was retaken his palace was blown into the air, and a "city hall" erected on the spot. He escaped a halter by timely flight; and died on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Let us hope he was sorry for his crimes. The view from the elevated spot, where his palace and fort commanded the city, is lovely—almost as much so as that of Lucknow from La Martiniere. One can scarcely see any city at all—so embowered are the houses in trees. The domes and minarets rising above this billowy verdure are very picturesque. There was no little grandeur in Furruckabad, in the days of the old Nawabs. The steep banks of the ancient bed of the Ganges are lined with elegant bathing ghats, which the receding river, now two miles away, in another channel, has left high and dry and quite useless, except a nice place for picnics. They have lovely gardens in the rear and we spent a delightful day, last week in one of them.

The girls have had their desire for elephant riding quite satisfied as they have at the fort, with very little to do and quite at their disposal when they wish to have a lofty mount. One of them has a tall half bitten off in a tiger hunt, that Mrs. M. thrills the young folks by narrating. She has had a wonderful and varied experience during her long sojourn in India, and the girls are devoted listeners. So they have a good time telling and hearing.

Every night, after meeting, we dine with our dear friends, and sit till bed time. Pleasant reunions, ever memorable. The long dining table usually has about 20 seated at it. The Mackenzies are entertaining as guests, while the meeting lasts, several and one Rakkab, five, with other franscent invited friends usually makes the number near the score.

Last Friday we had a remarkable meteoric shower. There was a continuous downpour—I suppose—the whole night. We left them falling in undiminished numbers when we retired near midnight. None were very brilliant, but the numbers were wonderful. In every direction—falling generally towards the horizon, but often also shooting athwart towards the zenith, these fiery missiles of the sky, sped on their mysterious course. The child's "How I wonder what you are," was all the explanation we could give the other, as to the phenomenon. Appealing to the scientists in our helplessness, we found on consulting the books, that they knew as little as any of us about them. The weather is simply perfection. No country can match India from November to February inclusive. But the other eight months pay up for it with their purgatorial heats. The "hot winds" blister and scorch; the "rain" strew; and the malarial "drying up" that succeeds wastes every energy, with low fevers, that the protracted heat has spared. It is simply horrid for two-thirds of the year.

The dear men and women who brave this climate, for the sake of souls—with no hope of earthly gain—are worthy of far more honor than they ever get, on earth. The LORD will not forget it; though, and they will have full recognition in a coming day. I honor them more and more every day, and I could wish they were more tenderly appreciated at home.

Qlicker's chain-lightning I made up my mind to marry her. I had fully determined never to marry a woman who slipped down like a bow-legged quadruped and made herself an object of ridicule to the public.

Months passed.

So did I.

My love never grew cold. She took occasion to fall again—this time off a step-ladder in the back yard as we trained a climbing rose.

Gracious! but how beautiful! She didn't go down with a swoon and a kerplunk, but descended like a bird—slowly, gracefully, quietly, properly.

After that I hastened the marriage day. I had long ago determined never to marry one of these women who kick the step-ladder through the bank fence as they take a tumble.

We were spliced. My happiness kicked the beam at 2,000 pounds.

Inside of a week she threw a clock at me. Next day she went into a fit and kicked two panels out of the door and several panels out of me. She tried to saw me in two with a case knife. She sought to explode a can of tomatoes under my chin as I slept. She stole my watch and pawned it—she plundered my wallet—she placed a torpedo in my path, and she fled with a man who was selling patent stove blacking—three packages for twenty five cents, warranted not to raise any dust or spot the carpet.

Let 'em fall.

I stand on very icy corners and wait and grin and anticipate.

I eackinate and grin and chuckle. I am heartless. Let 'em fall gracefully or otherwise. Let 'em descend like feathers, or with bump which shakes the earth. Let 'em scramble on all fours, mad and chagrined, or let 'em remain in graceful position until some soft-headed fool rushes up to extend a hand.

I am there, but I am immovable, implacable, unrelenting.—[Detroit Free Press.

The practice of young men standing around a church door of evenings to see girls home, is largely indulged in, in some country places, but it is going out of style since girls have got sand enough to say, "No, thanks, I came alone, and I will go alone."

A young man who has not got manliness enough to escort a girl to church but who waits 'till church is out, and she has got away from the glare of the lamp, where no one can see him, and then offers his elbow, is a soft-headed fool, and a girl who will accept such an escort is another. Also, young girls should maintain their dignity always, and to stand on the stairs after a dance and corral a young man to go home with her knocke dignity higher than a kite, and makes a girl feel very small. Girls, stay away from dudes until you are older than the hills, before you place yourself in such an embarrassing position.—[Bourbon News.

eventide draws on spice. If the mission work can not make such provision it had better "retire from business," that bears the LORD's sacred name as its warrant for continuance. I am sure HE never treated an old and faithful servant thus. Nor ought those who act in his dear name and by His authority under any pretense, or for any reason, perpetrate such a wrong, however unwittingly.

Some movements in the right direction are being languidly made, but nothing commensurate with the fearful wrong to be righted. The millennium will be here and the thing not be heeded, before "steps" are taken that will make the church as good to her faithful servants as the government of England is to her. I wonder that anybody believes in Christianity—looking at those who profess it. Happily there is something back of that on which the soul can rest. But the "lukewarm" church makes infidels as fast as she saves sinners, I am afraid. Ever in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNES.

HOW IT'S PRONOUNCED.

Some call it Mikado,
To rhyme with "high dada."
And sometimes Mikado,
Rhyming it with "the laid o."
While few say Mikado
To rhyme with "my dad, o."
Others get it Mikado
Like the Irish "Nick had o."
Yet a few say Mikado
To rhyme with "the so, o."
While some think Mikado
Should rhyme with "my cod o."
Others swear that Mikado
Ought to rhyme with "Mick had o."
To correct say, Mikado
To rhyme with "be sawed o."

But pronounce it as you will, the best plan is to go to the Stanford Opera House, January 21st, and hear the Leland Opera Co. render it.

She Fell—He Tumbled.

It was on a corner.
On a public, icy corner.

As I approached it from one direction an angel approached it from the opposite. I mean an angel in female clothing—15 hat—real skin sacque—\$8 boots—and such a face and form!

As we were about to pass she fell.

There was no bag of sand business about it, but she simply uttered a little shriek—a very little one—tossed up her right arm, and then gracefully settled down in a heap with one foot peeping out from under her dress.

I'll be hanged! I'll be hanged if it wasn't the most graceful thing in the books—the prettiest, sweetest, daintiest fall ever seen in public.

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We Do So With Pleasure.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

STANFORD, Jan. 10.—The reference in your paper of Friday last to the special term of Circuit Court held here last week, does Judge Owlesley an injustice—unintentionally I know. He called the special term by request of myself and another member of the bar so our assurance that it would only be devoted to the transaction of some routine business which would prejudice nobody, but be of great benefit to the parties concerned. We assured him at the time that if it did not suit his convenience to attend, a member of our bar would hold court for him and without charge to him or to the State, and this was done.

Please make the proper correction in your next issue. Very truly,

J. W. ALORN.

A Sam Jones Story.

Sam Jones told the following story in a meeting at Atlanta, Ga., during the excitement over the prohibition question:

"There was a married couple with half a dozen children and only one bed. The whole family slept in that bed—and they were so thick one couldn't turn over unless all did. So when anybody got tired sleeping on one side, he'd say 'turn' and over the whole family went. They got so used to it that even when they heard the word 'turn' in their sleep they would hustle over. One day the old man was fishing on a log bridge over the river. The sun was hot and the fish was not biting, and he fell asleep balanced on a log. One of the boys saw him and thought he would try a joke, and hollered out 'turn' and over the old man went kerflop into the water. Now I want the temperance men to holler 'Turn' until the anti-men who are asleep on the bridge over the prohibition river will hear it and drop in."

Gilhooly dropped into the office of Judge Pennybunker a few days ago. After they had talked about local politics, the weather etc., Judge Pennybunker remarked:

"You come to see me very frequently, Gilhooly, but there's one thing about your visits that I can't understand."

"What is that?"

"Well, it is the fact that you have never yet invited me to call on you."

"That's easily explained," said Gilhooly, yawning and stretching himself; "you see when I come to visit you, if you make me tired with your talk I can get up and go, but if you call on me at my house and bore me with your talk, I may not be able to get rid of you without being impolite. See?"

O. H. WADDLE

The Beattyville Enterprise is for the whipping post, and puts its arguments in this shape. And now every low-lung vagrant in the State, who has idled around all summer, having now neither bed nor board, the same now steals something—anything—so he can be put in jail so he can get what his laziness has failed to provide—the bed and the board. Who pays for the bread meat and bean soup he feasts on? Let the man with a large family who works winter and summer to support them, answer this question next time the sheriff comes round after his taxes. Then answer this: Why not have a whipping post?

The editor of a newspaper in this State thus appeals to delinquent subscribers:

"To all those who are in arrears one year or more who will come forward and pay up arrearages and for one year in advance, we will give a first-rate obituary notice gratis in case it kills them."

An exchange tells "How to boil onions."

"What we want is a recipe for boiling the man who eats them."

Buckler's Aronia Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sore, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Erptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. I, guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

Interesting Experiences.

Hiram Cameron, Furniture Dealer of Colum bus, Ga., tells his experience thus: "For three years have tried every remedy on the market for Stomach and Kidney Disorders, but got no relief, until I used Electric Bitters. Took five bottles and am now cured, and think Electric Bitters the best Blood Purifier in the world." Major A. B. Reed, of West Liberty, Ky., used Electric Bitters for an old standing Kidney affection and says: "Nothing has ever done me so much good as Electric Bitters." Sold at 50 cents a bottle by Penny & McAlister.

John S. VAN WINKLE

Is a Candidate for Circuit Judge in the 8th District, subject to the action of the Democracy.

R. C. WARREN

Is a Candidate for re-election to the office of Commonwealth's Attorney of the 8th Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democracy.

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JOHN S. VAN WINK

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., January 12, 1886

W. P. WALTON.

It ought to be a plain proposition to every sensible man that if the Board of Commissioners of the Penitentiary is to be held responsible for its conduct, it should have the appointment of the warden. Strange to say, however, it has not, the law calling for the election of that officer by the Legislature, which rarely regards fitness as a requisite. Though it has not the right of appointment, the Board can relieve the warden, and did when it found Capt. South thoroughly unfit for the position both as a disciplinarian and as a manager of such an institution. It had reached such a condition of filthiness that it was frequently spoken of as the "Black Hole of Calcutta" and was in every way a shame and reproach to the State. The Board secured Capt. E. H. Taylor as warden and in a short time there was a complete change in the place, and at present, everything considered, it is as neatly kept as any institution of the kind in the country. The most sceptical have only to visit the place to be convinced that the Board acted right in making the change. The Legislature should therefore ignore Capt. South's petition for a reinstatement and pass the law suggested by Gov. Knott giving the Board the power to appoint as well as dismiss a warden.

SPEAKER CARLISLE has at last announced his committee. They number 48 and it is no easy job to place 325 members on them so as to please them and at the same time arrange the committees for expeditions and proper legislation. The chairmen of the most important are: Morrison, ways and means; Randall, appropriations, (this committee has been shorn of the most of its power by new rules recently adopted); Bland, coinage, weights and measures; Willard, rivers, harbors; Belmont, foreign affairs; Herbert, naval; Cobb, public lands; Turner, elections; Reagan, commerce; Tucker, judiciary; Curtin, banking and currency; Hatch, agriculture; Bragg, post offices; Wise, manufactures; O'Neill, labor; Eldridge, pensions; Springer, claims; Cox, civil service. Kentucky gets three chairmanships: Willis, rivers and harbors; Robertson, expenditures in war department; Halsell, private land claims. Gov. McCreary is on two important committees, coinage, weights and measures, and foreign affairs. Gen. Wofford is second on the pension committee.

The present has been the severest as well as the most general cold snap that has visited the country for years. From Canada to the gulf the earth is enveloped in snow, while deaths from freezing are reported at Galveston, Texas, and in Florida. The destruction among cattle in the West has been terrible and great suffering has prevailed all over the country. The mercury went below zero in Atlanta and in the Manitoba country it reached the almost unparalleled point of 52 below. In the Northwest and North snow is reported from 4 to 6 feet deep and railroad travel on many Western roads has been abandoned for a week. The suddenness of the coming of the cold wave caught the improvident poor more than usual unprepared and they have suffered intensely.

A PUBLIC meeting was held at Harrodsburg last week, we learn from the *Democrat*, when it was unanimously resolved that the law creating the State Board of Equalization ought to be repealed. It was also the sense of the meeting, that it is the duty of the Legislature to attend to public business and to ignore such legislation as can be attended to by the courts and municipal corporations. The Mercer county man is never mealy mouth in expressing his opinion.

HON. G. R. KELLER, Clerk of the House, says we do him an injustice when we state that he visited all the members at their homes and bidden them for their support. He only visited 17 and met six others in his travels. Keller is an exceedingly likable man and we would not do him a wrong for anything, therefore we cheerfully give him the benefit of this statement. He is a clever gentleman and a capable clerk and we are glad that the State will have so competent a man in its service.

THE Stanford JOURNAL this week publishes a picture and sketch of the life of Col. E. Polk Johnson. The picture, however is a base libel on our handsome and brave Colonel. —[Louisville Times. It was indeed a miserable caricature and we were really vexed when it looked even worse in the paper than in proof. The photograph from which it was made was a small and poor one and the cut was the second attempt at it by the engraver.]

An Ohio woman was married to a man on his death bed, and was so anxious for his bundle that she scarcely waited for his breath to leave the body before she demanded the keys to his truck and when they were refused her by an uncle of the dead man, she raised a terrible rumpus. An Ohio woman is as keen after money as an Ohio republican is as persistent for office.

We desire to state right here and now that we are for W. H. Munnell for postmaster of Louisville, first, last and all the time. We do not know that this will help the case any, but if the President knew him as well as we think we do, he would appoint him without a question.

THE statement is made that Gov. Knott only remitted fees to the amount of \$10,399 last year. This is not a bad showing, but could we have not gotten along just as well if the two left-hand figures had not been reached?

The unanimous nomination of Dr. John D. Woods by the Legislative caucus, to succeed himself as public printer and binder, was a most fitting recognition of the faithful, honest and excellent manner in which he has discharged his duties, as well as a deserved compliment to him as a man and a democrat. There are few better men in this country than the big-hearted, whole-souled Doctor, and the dainty sleek hounds of the press, who have maligned him ought to despise themselves, if such cattle have consciences enough to regret a mean action. No other candidate was put in nomination, as the opposition saw it was useless, when they failed to carry a resolution of postponement by a majority of 60 odd. Senator Barry consoled himself and them by recounting the excellent public services of Col. Major, who indeed is a fine gentleman and an honest man, but did not present his name. Three cheers for the caucus and its gallant nominee!

EUSTACE GIBSON, a West Virginia Congressman, openly attacked the Administration in a speech at Washington in which he claimed that the party had been betrayed by those it had elevated. He said the battle cry was "Turn the rascals out," but instead of that they had been promoted; that civil service was all bush and sham; that the President was honest and meant to do right, no doubt, but he was making a mistake, a sad mistake, which, if not corrected soon would break up the democratic party. He said that of all the offices under the Government, two-sevenths were in the hands of the democrats and five-sevenths in possession of those that opposed the democrats. There are a good many persons of Mr. Gibson's way of thinking, but they don't blurt it out so boldly. Nor so unmercifully.

A BILL to reduce the pretrial challenges of defendants in felony cases to 10 and the Commonwealth to three has been presented by Mr. Thompson, of Mercer. It is a move in the right direction, but would not the ends of justice be better served if the Commonwealth were given as fair show as the law breaker? It certainly looks that way to an outsider.

THE Richmond *Whig*, which died with the defeat of its master Mahone, has been sold to a couple of good democrats, who will restore it to the proud position it held in Virginia affairs, when it represented the party whose name it bore, and until it sold out to the little repudiator.

A CONTEMPORARY suggests that before the present year closes people will be voting who were born after the war ended. The bloody-shirt evangelists will encounter tough material in this new voting element.

HAS the Bourbon *News* discarded its inside? It has come to us on the half shell a number of issues, but even in that shape it has as much reading as the average weekly.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The Legislature adjourned Saturday on account of cold weather.

The Senate will pay its Clerk \$8 instead of \$10 and its Sergeant-at-Arms \$5 instead of \$8 this session.

Senator Rigney is anxious to know the number of notaries in commission, but for what reason he alone knows.

A bill to amend the criminal code so as to permit one magistrate to try felony cases has been reported favorably.

The gentleman who is pulling the string attached to Fontaine Fox Bobbitt is respectfully requested to quit.—[Commercial.

—Since its establishment in 1870, the State Bureau of Agriculture has cost \$25,749.02 and in 11 years the Geological Survey \$180,300.

Hon. J. Boyle Stone presented a resolution that the Auditor of Public Accounts be required to furnish to the House a statement of all sums he had paid to Justices of the Peace for sitting in examining trials.

The Legislative caucus did the proper thing when it re-nominated Mrs. Hanson for librarian, for she has made a most excellent officer. Miss Nannette Daisy, the other candidate, was not even put in nomination.

The fathers of Congressman Taulbee and ex-Congressman Phil Thompson are both members of the Kentucky Legislature. It is an encouraging sign of the times to see the boys thus giving the old men a chance.—[Times.

It is stated that Owens sold out to Offutt in the Spokeship race with an eye to the future. The consideration is that Offutt is to keep out of his way when Breckinridge is to be retired from Congress.—[South Kentuckian.

Offutt's bill providing for calling a constitutional convention has been reported favorably and will be the special order to-day. Another bill is pending providing for a sovereignty convention to revise the antiquated document.

Mr. Thompson wants to know of Auditor Hewitt what amount he has paid to *pro tempore* Commonwealth's Attorneys and what warrant he has to pay such claims. Bally for "Old Phil," his every move so far has been in the right direction.

The Senate spent a whole day last week wrestling with the question as to who should appoint the pages, the Sergeant-at-Arms or the Senate and to prevent a vote on the question, Senator Berry spoke several hours and until the adjournment.

In September 1882, the Court of Appeals had 400 cases on its docket and since then 1,356 have been entered. 124 appeals in criminal prosecutions have been filed and 61 appeals from the Superior Court.

During the time 1,338 of the entire number have been decided. Out of 1,900 cases since the opening of the Superior Court in 1882, 1,432 cases have been decided. There are 1,000 cases on the dockets of the two courts now.

The House has passed a bill to incorporate the town of Embanks, Pulaski county.

Col. Thompson's bill fixing the qualification of jurors does not make intelligence a bar.

Mr. Bobbitt's speech seconding the nomination of Mrs. Hanson is highly complimented.

The Board of Equalization has so far cost \$9,104.70, which money might have as well gone to pay the State's debt.

On motion of Senator Barnett, the Senate adopted a joint resolution fixing next Thursday, at 11 o'clock for election for Public Printer and Librarian.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

John Young Brown fell at Henderson and broke his knee-cap.

Of course John Sherman was re-nominated by the Ohio republicans.

A block of store-houses at Mobile burned, causing a loss of \$160,000.

A bill has been presented in Congress to repeal the internal revenue tax on tobacco.

The new town of Danforth, in Dakota, offers \$300 and a town lot to the first boy baby born in the place.

The bill for the admission of Dakota will be reported favorably to the Senate by Senator Harrison to day.

Ban Roberts, who killed George Baker in Casey, had his examining trial last week and went to jail in default of \$900 bail.

The New York Bankers are not enthusiastic over Speaker Carlisle's Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures.

Senator East is offered a resolution requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to pay the \$10,000,000 bonds call in silver.

J. C. Fenton, late postmaster at High Grove, Nelson county, is in jail at Louisville for refusing to surrender his office to Cleveland's appointee.

Senators Walhall and George have been renominated by the democratic legislators of Mississippi, which is equivalent to an election.

The Druggist Am Ende, of Hoboken, whose error in preparing a prescription caused the death of the Holtz sisters, was acquitted by a jury.

At the beginning of last year Vermont had thirteen ex-governors living, but four of them died during the year. Nine ex-governors still live.

Hannibal, Mo., comes to the front with a report of the death of a colored woman 120 years old and who leaves a daughter just budding into the eighties.

An engineer on the Cincinnati Southern has invented a blower by which an engine can be got ready for the road from cold water in twenty minutes.

The snow caused the trains to get mixed on the W. & N. near Reading, Pa., and a collision occurred, which broke up two trains and killed three passengers.

Senators express a desire to get the Presidential nominations off their hands as quickly as possible, and to that end much of this week's session is expected to be devoted.

Senator Elmonds' new Anti-Polygamy bill passed the Senate Saturday by a vote of 38 to 7. This new measure practically throws the Mormon church into the hands of a receiver.

Senator Wilson, of Iowa, reported favorably from the Committee on Post Offices and Post-Roads, a bill to prohibit the mailing of newspapers and other publications containing lottery advertisements.

The democratic primary at Lexington Saturday resulted in a complete victory of the Johnson faction. He was renominated for Mayor by a large majority with a full city ticket, including Col. Mat Walton for recorder.

Congressman LaFoon, of Kentucky, has introduced a bill to amend the Civil-service law by limiting the examinations to only the matters which may fairly test the applicant's fitness for the position to which he seeks an appointment.

The New Orleans Exposition management have asked the city to buy the Exposition property for \$125,000. It originally cost \$1,350,000. It is feared that unless some financial aid is forthcoming the enterprise will have to be abandoned.

A Vermont woman, who attempted suicide by drowning, found the water so cold that she changed her mind and went home damp and shivering. Women should know that it is very dangerous to attempt suicide by drowning when the water is cold. They might contract a fatal case of pneumonia.—[Nerriestown Herald.

A man claiming to be Count Zawiski, of Poland, and a participant with Napoleon in the battles of Austerlitz and Waterloo, and with Grant and Sigel in the late war, was before a Chicago police court Friday, charged with an assault. The able veteran is 95 years old, and, as the charge against him indicates, is still warlike.

The front wall of the building occupied by Trabue & Co., J. Balmforth and H. P. Forward, near 8th and Main street, Louisville, fell Friday evening, catching under it and crushing to death Col. M. H. Wright and Mr. Balmforth. The building at once took fire and it and contents were entirely destroyed. Loss \$110,000.

Gov. Hoadley, of Ohio, went into politics two years ago worth \$500,000. He retired yesterday with largely reduced means, but with a large and varied stock of experience, which can scarcely be classed among the valuable assets of a man going out of business. John Sherman could give the Governor points in the matter of making politics pay.

George M. Palmer, a Philadelphia baker, has buried six children and married a third wife within a year. The bridegroom, his son and a journeyman baker were all sick on the day of the wedding, but Mr. Palmer managed to pull himself together sufficiently to go through with the ceremony. In the matter of varied domestic experience Mr. Palmer may be said to take the bakery.

The democrats at Columbus, O., gave a banquet in honor of Jackson's day. Henry Watterson responded to the toast "The Democratic Press."

The estimate of the National expenses for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1887, exceed by \$15,778,158.29 the estimates for the current year. What is more important still, they exceed by \$50,229,710.05 the appropriations for the present year.

Two trains on the L. & N., 60 miles north of Birmingham, Ala., collided on a bridge, Friday night, which gave away and carried down with it portions of each train. John Johnson, fireman, and Sam Pulliam, a brakeman, were killed and William Johnson, engineer, George Young, conductor, and two colored brakemen were seriously injured. The bridge was 120 feet high, yet conductor Harry, who fell with it, swam ashore unharmed.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

Leland's Opera Troupe will present the "Mikado" at the City Hall in this place on the evening of Dec. 20th.

People generally who believe that coal dealers have no conscience will be surprised to know that since the cold wave struck us the price on that very necessary article has been reduced by Lancaster dealers. It is selling delivered at 12½ cents.

Miss Minnie Walker is visiting friends in Nicholasville. Rev. T. M. Vaughan and family have removed to Christiansburg. Mr. Perry Jefferson, of the Globe Tobacco Warehouse, Cincinnati, is in town snowbound. Charley Brown and S. F. B. Morse, of the K. C. railroad, were in town last week.

The extreme cold weather of Saturday caused a lull in business which was very audible to the merchants, who had nothing to do but discuss the probable "letting up" of the spell. Country men were scarce as violinists in sheep, and the few who ventured to town wore for the most part frost-bitten ears or feet.

The driver of the Bryantville mail-wagon couldn't make the rifle on account of the snow drifts. The mail-man of Buckeye attempted the trip on foot, but was forced to return after he had gotten five miles on his way. The one who goes to Stamford, however, is the noblest Roman of them all as he made his trip through on horseback without accident. There has been no train on the K. C. since Saturday morning.

TWO FUNERALS—There was a curious and trying episode the other day at Kearny street. Up Kearny street came a French funeral with a band and the usual procession. Down Bush street came a German funeral with a band and a procession the same. At the intersection of the two streets the processions met. There arose a question of precedence, and pending its discussion the two bands played at one another their respective dead marches to the irreverent amusement of a crowd of unsympathetic lookers on. Finally the police came along and settled the question, and then the two bands got mixed up and for some time the French procession was moving with the German bears and vice versa. The awkward part of it is that even now some of the mourners are wondering if they buried the right man in the right place.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

The fairy tales of tremendous and well organized opposition to Dr. Woods and the Courier Journal Job Printing Company for re-election as Public Printer, which our esteemed contemporaries the Commercial and Post have been narrating, have not come true. Dr. Woods was nominated without opposition, no doubt to the bewilderment of a crowd of unsympathetic lookers on. Finally the police came along and settled the question, and then the two bands got mixed up and for some time the French procession was moving with the German bears and vice versa.

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The Paducah *News* expresses our sentiments exactly. It says:

"One long, strong prayer for the whipping-post is necessary all over the land to overcome the mawkish sentiment of modern Kentucky southerns. Louisville reports a man beating his wife with a chair and leaves her insensible upon the floor. Now, Mr. Legislator, what ought to be done with that wretch? Has he not lost honor, shame, humanity? How are such brutes to be moved, restrained or punished? A man who beats his wife is so lost to all respect for himself as to require that of no one else. Is his person more sacred than that of the mother of his children? Publicly cowhide such wretches and where no moral sense is to be found find a skin susceptible to the lash."

While the salary of the Circuit Judges in this State at \$2,400 per annum is low enough, there is an abuse connected with this office that the Legislature ought to put a stop to. We allude to the pay of pro tem. Judges. As the law now is, a Circuit Judge may preside over his courts only half of his time, draw his \$2,400 and the State be required to pay \$1,200 additional for the pro tem. Judges. There is no reason why this should be so. The State considers \$2,400 as sufficient compensation to hold all the courts in each Judicial District and right at that amount the draft on the Treasury for that purpose should stop. The pro tem. Judges should be paid by the Circuit Judges themselves.—[Elizabeth.

Oliver's Chilled Plow, because they are adapted to all kinds of soil and will do first-class work in sod or stony ground. The mouldboards are thoroughly chilled, so that they will not corrode. The plow is a straight one, and it cuts a furrow which does not drag away with the pressure of sand on straight plows. The Oliver Chilled Plow is a band of inventors. No manufacturer will try to imitate an iron plow. The "Oliver" has a record unparalleled in the history of plow making, from 1,500 to over 100,000 in 1885. Your neighbors will tell you to buy the "

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., January 12, 1886

B. C. WALTON, Business Manager.

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North	1:55 P. M.
South	12:15 P. M.
Express train	South 1:32 A. M.
North	2:05 A. M.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy your school books from Penny & McAlister.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

Buy the Haas Hog Remedy, the original and only genuine, from Penny & McAlister.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford watches a specialty. Penny & McAlister.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. J. I. MCKINNEY, the poetess, of Richmond, is at Capt. George H. McKinney's.

MR. ROBERT S. LYTLE started to New York yesterday to lay in his stock for his Kansas store.

DR. WILSON, formerly of this place but later of McKinney, has moved his family to Perryville.

We regret to learn that H. C. Jones has sold his interest in the firm of D. S. Jones & Son with the intention of going to Texas to live.

SAM M. WILHITE, of the First National Bank, has gone to Williamsburg to give the new bank there the benefit of his experience and will remain about three weeks.

MRS. AND MRS. PHIL SOBEM, of Louisville, after spending a week at Mr. W. H. Dudders' home, returned home yesterday. Phil, one of the best engineers that ever pulled a throttle.

MESSRS J. W. ALCOON and R. C. Warren went to Mt. Vernon, notwithstanding the terrible weather. For perseverance and an utter ignoring of the elements command us to the candidate. Nothing can stop him.

LOCAL MATTERS.

ICE HOUSE for rent T. R. Walton.

SEWING MACHINES at Peter Hampton's.

GIBBS' Improved Plows on hand at W. H. Higgins'.

A No 1 Milk cow for sale. Apply at B. K. Wearen's.

FIVE above was as high as the mercury climbed yesterday.

No connection at Junction City yesterday nor for several days.

A COUPLE of cottage bedsteads for sale cheap. Apply at this office.

HUNDREDS of fowls have frozen to death in the last few nights. Mrs. R. R. Gentry lost 30.

BANK STOCK—Twenty shares in First National of Stanford, for sale. Apply at this office.

I HAVE no baker now, but will furnish my customers with fresh bread and rolls from Louisville. J. T. Harris, opposite Col. W. G. Welch's.

We are glad to note that the City Council have decided to put up a couple of dozen lamps at many points in town. It will fill a long felt want.

THE fine sleigh recently won by Mr. F. J. Curran was resold again Saturday, when Col. W. G. Welch was winner. It is the handsomest thing of the kind ever in this section.

OWING to the fearfully cold weather, the Rink was not opened Friday night, but you can bet your bottom dollar it will be next Friday night, with a big musical programme.

OUR customers will confer a great favor by settling their account with us. It is after Jan. 1 and we have to settle our accounts and we ask you to settle with us. Tabler & Smiley.

LEG BROKE.—R. T. Mattingly broke his leg just above the ankle. Friday, by stepping on a rock which turned, throwing his whole weight on his leg. He suffers greatly from the accident.

THOS. C. WHITE who has been in jail since Oct. 13, serving out a sentence for violating the pension laws, took the insolent neophyte oaths this morning and was released. —[Louisville Times.]

THE Cincinnati Southerns did not get its trains through till Sunday night. Capt. Myers, of the K. C., telegraphed yesterday that he had reached Richmond and would likely return last night.

THE sad news was circulated here yesterday that Mr. Will Frye Carpenter, who married Miss Jennie King, of this vicinity, had died at his home near Hustonville Sunday. He was a good Christian, a loving husband and father and a citizen who can be ill spared from his section.

JOHN S. HAYS tells us that his fighting chickens, nine in number, that were accustomed to roost in an apple tree, all froze to death, Friday night, six falling to the ground and the other three hanging to limbs, their feet having frozen to them. No one in this section remembers a similar occurrence.

THE Someret Reporter slyly calls attention of the Stanford correspondent of the Danville Advocate, who recently took occasion to say that George Stone, Esq., would oppose Gov. McCreary next time for Congress, to the fact that the two gentlemen do not live in the same district. Mr. Stone will marshal his forces against Col. Wal-

New stock of Oliver plows at W. H. Higgins.

T. R. WALTON's advertisement will interest you.

H. C. BRIGHT bought of E. P. Owley half of his lot on lower Main for \$850. It has a 100 foot front. Mr. Bright will build at once.

A big line of Saddlery and Harness, bought for the cash at Bad Rock prices and will be sold on the smallest possible margin. Bright & Metcalfe.

JUDGING by the number of them that aspire to office in Pulaski, the republicans hanker more after such flesh-pots than the democrats. There are 37 of them announced as candidates for county officers in that county, the greatest number in any in the State.

THE Leland Opera Company will present the new sensation, Mikado, at the Stanford Opera House, Thursday night, Jan. 21. It is by Gilbert & Sullivan, the authors of "Pinafore" and seems destined to enjoy the same great popular run as did that taking opera. The company has a fine reputation and has been playing to excellent business all the season. Miss Lillian Lawrence is the charming Yum-Yum and her conception of the little Japanese maiden is said to be remarkably clever and bright. She has a fine voice and is supported by a company of good singers. This will be the event of the season and a crowded house is assured.

HELD.—West Hansford, the colored boy, who crushed the skull of Ralph Burkett, a white man, with a brickbat Christmas eve, from the effects of which he died after lingering two weeks, had his examining trial before Judge Varmon, Friday, having sworn Judge Carson off the bench, and was held in \$200 bail, which he did not give but went back to jail. There were a dozen or more witnesses, the substance of whose testimony was about as follows: The two men had had a quarrel on one side of the street and Burkett had crossed over to Boggs' store, remarking to some one that if the G-d d-a-n-n-e-b-a-h-d had not left he would have cut his entrails out. Just then the negro stepped up and said, "I am not going and do not allow any white a-h-n-o-f a-b-h to run over me." Burkett thereupon advanced upon him, the defendant claims with a drawn knife, when he felled him with the brick. No one swore positively that Burkett had a knife, but one was found open near his hand when he was taken up. The killing was unnecessary to say the least and Judge Varmon should have held him on. All cases of homicide ought to go before a jury, however plain they may be.

THE coldest of cold spells began to develop Friday in a big snow storm and by Saturday morning the mercury had crawled down to 6° below zero and the whole face of the earth was covered with snow, drifts in many places rising as high as six to eight feet. A stiff nor'easter almost took the breath from him, whose duty required him to face it and all in all we do not remember a more thoroughly disagreeable day than Saturday was. All the L. & N. trains were late, but got through some how or other. The K. C. fared not so well. The train from here to Richmond got stuck in a drift two miles this side of that place and stood there Sunday and Monday. The Lancaster stage started to make the trip to this place but ran into a snow bank and after backing out had to return to the starting point. Mr. John Peoples, not to be outdone, however, mounted one of the horses and delivered the mail on time but got nearly frozen to death in the operation. A good many people had their ears, feet and hands frostbitten and we heard of one man, whose ear froze so stiff that when something struck it it snapped off like a pipe stem. Sunday morning the mercury marked 8° below and yesterday registered 13° below. The gatherers were busy at work housing beautiful ice six inches thick. It has been a period of intense suffering among the poor people, though we have heard of no deaths in this immediate vicinity. Stock too have fared terribly and the three car loads of cattle that were detained here, being unable to go either by the K. C. or C. S., came near freezing to death. Fortunately for the wheat growers the snow came before the freeze and that serial is comparatively safe. Otherwise there would scarcely be a stalk left.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. W. B. Ware and Miss Susie Lee, a sweet seventeen, were married at W. T. Lee's on the 10th.

John R. Dunlap, business manager of the Louisville Commercial, took to himself a lovely wife on the 7th, Miss Isadora Pollock of Wheeling, W. Va.

The last Monticello Signal announces the marriages of Mr. I. C. Ramsey to Miss Mary Cook, of Rowens, and J. C. Ramsey to Miss Ulysses Huffaker. The first mentioned is a leading merchant of Monticello.

No one would be surprised at a young blood, who was going to marry his first time, riding any distance through any storm to get the license, but when a man 55 years of age, who has led four other women to the marriage altar, braves such a storm as that of Saturday, he is deeply in earnest to say the least. Mr. J. H. Wheeler who answers to the latter description, rode 20 miles on that day to get license to marry Miss Mary Jane Haste, a maiden of 30. We hope he will be well rewarded for his perseverance.

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The food of Burmese peasants includes almost all kinds of reptiles, the grub of a ball-rolling beetle, a kind of ant which constructs nests of leaves in treetops (eaten in curries) and hill rats. The last named exist in such horde that their consumption is almost a necessity to prevent their kingdom being an Eveless Eden.

Some Indian arrow heads were lately shown at the Societe d'Anthropologie

RELIGIOUS

—Thirty-four of the United States Senators are church members, but with the exception perhaps of old Joe Brown there is hardly a christian in the lot.

The Second Presbyterian church at Covington was burned Sunday. Loss \$20,000. This is the third time the congregation has suffered a similar loss.

The total number of people who ventured out to church Sunday was 56 and they congregated from the other churches at the Christian, where Rev. F. S. Pollett delivered a short address.

Rev. G. H. Dorris, of the Baptist church, is holding a revival at Glasgow Junction, which in three weeks has resulted in 80 conversions and 50 or more still going forward for prayer.—Times.

Methodist conference in Wisconsin has declared their belief that Christian men ought not to raise or sell tobacco. Thirty thousand acres of the plant were under cultivation in the State last year, and much comment has been raised.

Sam Jones and Sam Small, the evangelistic comedians, began the Herculean task of converting Cincinnati yesterday. The man who shovels ice into hedges to build an ice palace had a picnic compared with these zealous, but misguided men—[Commercial].

The Rev. H. D. Jardine, whose recent ecclesiastical troubles at Kansas City have given him wide notoriety, ended his stormy and adventurous life at St. Louis Saturday night by taking chloroform. He was found dying in the vestry room of a church, and all efforts to save him proved unavailing.

LAND STOCK AND CROP

—Big lot of Salt at T. R. Walton's.

—Hay for sale. Apply to H. J. Darst, Stanford.

—G. B. Burnett bought of Mrs. George W. Alford, the stallion, Screamer, for \$350.

—The sale of trotters at Fairlawn Stock Farm, the property of Gen. W. S. Withers, during the past season, it is said, will foot upward of \$100,000.

—The superiority of Dakota wheat over all others lies in the fact that it is a harder berry and better adapted to flour making.

—Alkaline properties in the soil are said to cause the hardness.

—M. E. Hall has sold a half interest in his famous trotting stallion to R. L. Hobble, of Lincoln county. The departure of this horse from our midst is truly regretted, as his services were in high demand—[Monticello Signal].

—M. E. Hall has sold 35 shares of Merriam National Bank stock in H. H. McDowell Monday at \$116.50 to \$117. L. C. Morris & O'Bryan sold to Mattingly & Sumner Marion, 50 head of mules, from two to four years old, at \$115.—[Democrat].

—Jas. McManus sold to Barry & Co., of Frankfort, 300 barrels of choice corn at \$2 per barrel, delivered. John H. Bell sold to E. F. Alford 8 yearling mules at \$75 per head. Mr. Bell bought of Lewis Nuchols two mule colts at \$50 each—[Blue Grass Clipper].

CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Mrs. W. P. Tatem is quite sick.

—A good many fowls are reported to have frozen to death last Friday and Saturday nights.

—Oil in many lamps was found frozen Sunday morning—therefore red noses were much in fashion.

—W. O. Hansford and W. T. Saunders returned on Saturday from the Hustonville of shy voters here last week.

—With the thermometer thirty degrees below zero, new gathering is difficult. Our apology for brevity this week.

—Mr. D. C. Payne has his goods all packed for shipment to Barboursville, whether he goes with his family on the 12th.

—Capt. Moore writes in a recent letter from Sacramento City, Cal., that they had their first frost. A happy climate that.

—Sunday last was the worst one yet on the "toddle taker," for the town-pump and infact, nearly all the pumps in town were on a tight freeze.

—Mr. J. B. Paxton was feeling the pulse vicinity. They took "time about" riding the horse they were driving to the buggy. They swear the snow was seventeen feet deep.

—Mr. Geo. W. Debord will move to Stanford as soon as the weather moderates.

We sincerely regret to give him up as a citizen.

George is by far the most jovial man in our village, and a warmer heart beats in no man's bosom.

An engineer in charge of a locomotive has a duty to perform of so exceptional a character as to require that he shall be a man of exceptional qualifications. He must be a man of nerve, of decision, of good habits, sound constitution and complete training. In fact, a qualified locomotive engineer is a very considerable man from every point of view, and he is entitled to special consideration. The nervous strain to which he is subjected is uninterrupted while he is at his work, and to keep him up to it, it is necessary that he be well fed, well housed, and well rested. Physically as well as morally he is a skilled laborer of the highest class that we know.

The Winchester Democrat tells of the strange adventures of Mr. George Tipton, now visiting in Madison County, who left his farm 18 years ago and wandered to the West Indies, where he obtained possession of the island of Navassa, one of the Bahamas. Here he ruled as a despot and king. He grew wealthy but finally longed for civilization and a fair partner—his kingdom being an Eveless Eden.

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—Some Indian arrow heads were lately shown at the Societe d'Anthropologie

which were poisoned with curare over a century ago, but still retained their deadly power. Small animals scratched with them died in half an hour.

—For childrens the Lyon Medical advises that the parts affected be bathed twice a day, ten minutes at a time, with a mixture of half an ounce of sulphuric acid and one quart of water.

—All of the candidates of the presidential election of 1872 are dead. They were Grant, Greey, Wilson and Brown. General John C. Fremont is the sole survivor of the campaign of 1856. Hannibal Hamlin of the campaign of 1860, George H. Pendleton of 1864 and Horatio Seymour of 1868.

To stick together edges of paper in making scribbling blocks, ordinary glue, to which about five per cent. of glycerine has been added, is frequently used. A solution of rubber in carbon bisulfide is also used. A little aniline is added to the solution in order to produce the color.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SALE OF BANK STOCK.

I will offer at public sale before the court-house door in Stanford, on MONDAY, FEB. 1st, 1886, county court day, 15 Shares of Stock in the Farmers National Bank of Stanford. Loss \$100.

—Sam Jones and Sam Small, the evangelistic comedians, began the Herculean task of converting Cincinnati yesterday.

—The total number of people who

HIS INTENTIONS.

[Elizabeth Bigelow in Frank Leslie's.]
"Your garden spot is good for sore eyes. Such a sight of barn-ome blows! I can't get by it anyhow. Caddy always set a sight by a garden, but somehow her plants were always kind of windlin' and blowed feeble and sickly, if they blowed at all. Seemed as if there wan't anything in this world for Caddy. Well, the Lord does try His saints!"

"A garden needs a great deal of watchin' and tendin'," said handsome Widow Maxey, sitting on her porch, in the cool of the day. And then she closed her lips so tightly that they seemed to come together with a snap. When she spoke again, it was in a softer tone. "Won't you come in and rest yourself a while, elder, and let me pick you a pink posy?"

"You know I never could say no to you," said Elder Whitwell, with a little laugh, as he opened the gate.

The Widow Maxey knew very well that Eliza Ferris and her sister, Abby Ann, were watching from behind their closed blinds, across the street, and there was a touch of color on her cheeksbones, and a little air of defiance about her as she went about gathering the bunch of pinks with a bit of southerwood—the elder called it boys' love—in the center. People might wonder that she, the richest widow in the country—well-preserved and handsome, should condescend to be courted by Elder Whitwell, a man worn and rusty in mind as well as in outward appearance, broken and old before his time by years of hardship and poverty—for the elder was not gifted in prayer or preaching; he was not "stirring," and could not draw crowds, and the congregation over which he had been placed had made haste to exchange him for a livelier dispenser of the Word. But she, Rachel Maxey, would not be ashamed of him—she would be proud.

The fact was, that people were thinking and saying very different things from what we supposed. Outsiders, proverbially, see most of the game. Abby Ann Ferris was, at this moment, saying to her sister that "It took an old woman like that" (Mrs. Maxey was 43) "to make herself ridiculous," and she "wondered if the elder really had any intentions." And Angelina, Mrs. Maxey's own "help," had been bold to whisper darkly that it was her belief that the elder was "a coquette." Every letter of the word got its full Yankee value in Angelina's mouth.

Rachel Maxey made the posy as she knew the elder liked it, and she felt like a girl as she did it; as she never had felt since the day Caddy Timson—little, homely, sickly Caddy Timson, the shoemaker's daughter—had told her that she and Ezra Whitwell were in love with each other. She had turned upon Caddy fiercely, and told her it was a falsehood, or if it was true, that she had beguiled Ezra to his ruin, for he needed money and influence; he was not strong in body, nor one to make his own way in the world, at best. It was true; why shouldn't she have told Caddy so, if she were willing to sacrifice her pride? And Caddy had understood; she had wept bitterly, and declared that she would not be a burden and a hindrance to Ezra. Nevertheless, she had married him before the month was out. She had come and explained timidly to Rachel that Ezra would have it so. Rachel had wondered many times since that she had been able to restrain the fury that raged in her heart. Not long afterward she had married Herman Maxey; it was fortunate that, from the day when he asked her to marry him to that last day when he lay upon his bed giving her precise directions about the management of the property, and assuring her that his arrangements for the next world were made with the same prudence that had characterized him in this, he had never asked her if she loved him. For herself, she had almost forgotten that there was such an emotion which sometimes played havoc with the practical affairs of life. Her pride had been gratified, and had grown by what it fed on. Nobody had ever crossed her desire but little feebly Caddy Timson.

Affairs had gone with Caddy and her husband just as Rachel had prophesied. She was ailing, "slack," helpless. One never heard anything from the family but poverty and hardship, as they went about from place to place wherever Ezra was sent to minister the Word. What a different wife she would have made him, and what a different woman she would have been if she had been his wife! she said to herself, conscious of the hardening process that was going on within her, year after year, and holding Ezra Whitwell strictly accountable for it. She called herself a religious woman but she hated Caddy Whitwell.

Her strong affection for her only son had more of the element of pride than of tenderness in it. She rejoiced for his sake that the wealth her father had left to her had doubled and trebled, and her husband's shrivelled hands; she rejoiced in his brilliant ability and his ambition; over in the great crowded city to which he had gone he was distinguishing himself; she expected to see him a great statesman. He had gained an entrance into the highest social circles; when he married, he would without doubt increase his wealth and influence. All this was a great gratification to her, but when people had asked her how she could bear to be separated from him, she had realized, wonderfully, that she did not care much for that. She might be strange and cold, but she did not deceive her self; there was only one person in the world whose companionship was necessary to her happiness. Caddy Timson had robbed her of that companionship. But Caddy was in her grave, and Ezra Whitwell had come back to her. That was why she felt like a girl as she gathered the elder's nosegay. She could feel his eyes upon her in the dusk, and her color burned. Of what was he thinking—of what their lives might have been if Caddy Timson had never come between them? She had always suspected that he had sacrificed himself and her from pity for Caddy. Now when his eyes met hers, she could not doubt it. Of what was the spell formed that bound her to him? She speculated upon it. Love belonged to—was supposed to belong to—youth, but this feeling was stronger than anything that youth could grasp or hold.

A simple-minded man, even a little dull and slow-going; if he had come into her life for the first time now, would he have made any impression? How much of a link in the chain that bound her was her exultant sense of triumph over Caddy!—Caddy who lay in her quiet grave, thrust aside (as she had thrust her, forgotten!) The Widow Maxey was not a woman to deceive herself. She recognized, she did not even attempt to crush, this sense of triumph; but she knew that without it, and in spite of her sober middle age, and what everybody had called her cold heart, the love that she felt for this man was like the breath of her nostrils, as much a part of herself, no more under her control. How ridiculous Eliza Ferris and her sister Abby Ann would have thought it! They said it was "just like a middle-aged widow to be setting her cap for a minister; it would never have occurred to them as a possibility that the Widow Maxey could be in love."

As she went up to the porch a sudden attack of shyness seized her. Perhaps she had shown in her feelings too freely, and

shocked or disgusted him! She gave him the pink posy with downcast eyes. (Abby Ann Ferris, behind the blind, giggled outright.) Then she sat down at some distance from him, where the hop-vine partially screened her face from his view.

"How the smell of pinks does carry me back to the time when I was young!" said the elder, pensively. "We were young together, Rachel—you and I—and Caddy."

That name was like a knife-thrust to her; but it fell from his lips like an after-thought.

"Sometimes, it don't seem any more's yesterday, and yet we've both got children grown. My little Caddy is most 19."

The Widow Maxey caught her breath sharply. That was one of the disagreeable facts of life which permitted herself to forget, or at least to ignore—the fact that Caddy Whitwell had left a daughter; an insignificant, dull, pale little thing like herself. She had gone away somewhere to live with some distant relative, and work in a milliner's shop. It would be just as well that she should stay away, the widow thought; she hoped the elder would not have any foolish ideas about it.

"I had a letter from her the other day, and she tells me that your Herman came across her, by accident, and comes to see her frequently. It would make things pleasant to have them friends," said the elder, softly.

For a moment it seemed to the Widow Maxey as if the solid ground were falling beneath her. The odor of the pinks was overpowering. She had an odd sensation of listening to something in a dream. Her son and Caddy Whitwell's daughter! Nobody could think of such a thing seriously! Of course the elder had meant nothing more than friends, she thought, when she was fairly herself again. But yet his tone was significant, and his eyes had been fixed upon her face; she actually had not dared to meet them; her own drooped under them as if she were a girl.

Must she make such a sacrifice of her pride as this?

"I didn't even know that Herman had ever seen her," she said, a trifle coldly. She knew afterward that it had been coldly said, by the constraint that fell between them.

"I hope, indeed, they may be friends," she added, and she would have given worlds to take the chill out of her voice.

The elder talked persistently of other things, and she could not return to the subject. He went away earlier than his custom, and the Widow Maxey wrote a letter to her son before she slept.

Elder Whitwell tells me you have found his daughter in New York. I hope you will be kind to her; she must be lonely among strangers.

The handsome young man, with his mother's dark eyes and proud bearing, who read that letter in his law-offices in New York, had a surprised expression of countenance. When business and bonnet-trimming hours were over, he took the letter with him to a dingy little flat, in a decidedly unfashionable quarter, where Caddy Whitwell lived with some relatives of her mother.

"You see, now, how utterly mistaken you were," he said.

The girl—she was a pale, slight little thing, with no prettiness, whatever for a caucasian eye—read the letter with an eager blush that would have beautified her, if anything could have—that did beautify her, undoubtedly, in her lover's eyes.

"She only says 'Be kind to me,' she wouldn't think of the possibility of anything more," she said. "I know how proud she is, and there is something harder than pride in her eyes when she looks at me. I couldn't bear it, Herman, and I wouldn't spoil your life if I could bear it! I can't go to you unless we welcome us."

"You're a foolish little darling, with your scruples. I will soon show you that you don't know my mother!" said Herman, placently.

And two days afterward his mother received a letter extolling Caddy Whitwell's virtues and graces to the highest degree, and asking her to receive her as a daughter-in-law.

Mrs. Maxey sat on the porch again in the flower-scented twilight. She had not seen the elder for nearly a week; to-night he would be sure to come. Happiness, which she had never known, was almost within her grasp. She had paid a price for it! She had written a cordial assent to Herman's proposed marriage. She had even written, at first, that his bride should be the daughter of her heart, but she had torn that letter up. Caddy Whitwell's daughter could never be that, and she would not say it; but she had said that she should be welcome. She had felt as if she were sacrificing her son; Caddy would be just such a saint as her mother had been.

"But he is like me; he would never get over it, she had said to herself. "Heaven help poor and cold-hearted people!"

The elder waited for an invitation, with his hand on the gate, as he always did; Rachel Maxey's voice shook as she gave it. Some time passed before she could summon sufficient composure to tell her news. The elder was ill at ease to-night, and there were long silences. Angelina, with her ear at the keyhole close behind the elder's back, almost lost her patience, and afterwards confided to the solitude of her chamber that her knees "felt as if she'd been to a protracted meeting."

When at last the widow spoke of the coming marriage of their children, the gathering darkness bid her face, but there was a thrill of joy in her voice; she had forgotten everything but the bond of sympathy that it created between them!

The elder took her hand in his.

"I was most afraid to hope 'twould be so. I didn't s'pose you'd think twas a fittin' match for him. But she's a good girl, my little Caddy; she's just like her mother." The widow winced, but her hand was fast in the elder's. "And Herman is like you. I ain't afraid to trust my little girl with him. And you say you'll be a mother to her! I don't s'pose of such mercies at the Lord's hands. It's a rebuke to me for bein' anxious about what was goin' to become of little Caddy. It's kind of you, Rachel, and makes me bold to open my heart to you, as I've been tryin' to get courage to for a long time."

The widow drew a long, delicious sigh. This was what all her barren, dreary years had been leading up to!

"It has seemed sometimes as if 'twas too much to ask—"

"Oh, no, no!" murmured the widow, earnestly, under her breath.

"And I've been used to takin' what the Lord sent me—" ("That was how he happened to marry Caddy; he thought 'twas the Lord's will," thought the Widow Maxey)—"and in all that I've been through, I haven't asked favors. But of you it's different. And you know what Caddy was?"

"Oh, yes, I do!" murmured the widow, with a smile.

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